

THE R A P E OF LVCRECE.

BY
Mr. William Shakespeare.

Newly Revised.



LONDON,
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are to be sold at his shop at the golden
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1632.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
HENRY WRIOTHESELEY,
Earle of South-bamptoun, and
Baron of Tick-feld.

 HE Loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end : whereof this Pamphlet without beginning, is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutored lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being lpart in all I haue devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty should shew greater : meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lord-ship ; To whom I wish long life still, lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordships in all dutie.

William Shakespeare.



The Argument.

LVCIUS Tarquinius (for his exceeding pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his owne father in lawe Seruius Tullius to be cruelly murdere, and contrary to the Roman laws and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed him selfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other noble men of Rome to besiege Ardea: during which, the principall men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the kings son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the vertues of his own wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by their secretes and sudden arrisall, to make triall of that which every one had before avouched, onely Colatinus fied his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other Ladies were all found dancing and revellino, or in severall disorts. Whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. As that time Sextus

TUS

The Argument.

thus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty; yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest back to the Camp, from whence he shortly after privately withdrew himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently ravisheth her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plighe, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Camp for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenghe, revealed the act, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall suddenly stabbeth her selfe. Which done, with consent, they all vowed to root out the whole based family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the daier and manner of the vyle deed, with a bitter inuictine against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moued with one consent, and a generall acclamation, that the Tarquins were all exiled, & the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.



The Contents.

- 1 *Lucrecess* praises for chaste, vertuous, and beautifull enamoreth *Tarquin*:
- 2 *Tarquin* welcomed by *Lucrece*.
- 3 *Tarquin* ouerthrowes al disputing with wilfulnessse.
- 4 He puts his resolution in practise.
- 5 *Lucrece* awakes and is amazed to be so surprized.
- 6 She pleads in defence of Chastity.
- 7 *Tarquin* all impatient, interrupteth her, and rauisheth her by force.
- 8 *Lucrece* complaines on her abuse.
- 9 She disputeth whether she should kill hir selfe or no.
- 10 She is resolued on her selfe-murther, yet sendeth first for her Husband.
- 11 *Colatinus* with his friends returne home.
- 12 *Lucrece* relateth the mischiefe : they sweare reuenge, and she to exasperate the matter, killeth her selfe.

THE



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

From the besieged *Ardea* all in post,
Borne by the truſtless wings of *false desire*,
Lust-breathed *Tarquin* leaves the *Roman*
And to *Colatium* beares the lightleſſe *fire*, (hoſt,
Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aſpre
And girdle with imbracing flames the *wife*,
Of *Colatines* faire *loue*, *Lucrece* the *chaste*.

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*The prai-
ſing of Lu-
crece as
chaste, ver-
tuous, and
beautiſull,
maketh
Tarquin
charmed.*

Apely that name of *chaste*, vnhaply ſet
The bateleſſe edge on his keene appetitie :
When *Colatine* vnewisely did not let
To prufe the cleere vnmachted red and white,
Which triumphe in that ſkie of his delight,
Where mortall star as bright as heuens beauties,
With pure aſpects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in *Tarquinis* tent,
Unlocke the treasure of his happy ſtre :
Whit piceleſſe wealth the beauens had him lene
I. the poſſeſſion of his beauituous mate,
Reckoning his fortune at ſo high a rate
That *Kings* might be eſpouled to more *ſtre* :
But *King* nor *Prince* to ſuch a piceleſſe *dame*.

O happiness enjoyed but of a few,
And it poſleſt, as looue decayde and done :
As if the *morning* ſiluer melting dew,
Agaiſt the golden ſplendor of the *Sunne*,
A date expi'd : and cancel'd ere begun.
Honor and *beautie* in the owner, times,
Are weakly foruert from a world of harmes.

Petutus

THE RAPE

Beauty it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade
The eyes of men without an *Orator*,
What needeth then *Apologies* be made
To set forth that which is so *ingular*?
Or why is *Colatine* the publisher
Of that rich *lewel* he should keepe vñknowyne,
From thee vñsh *cares* because it is his owne?

Perchance his boast of *Lucrece Sou'reignty*,
Suggested this proud issue of a *King*:
For by our *cares* our hearts oft tainted be,
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing
Brauing compare, disdainfully did sting (Want
His high pitcht thoughts, that meaneer men should
The golden bap which their *superiors* want.

But some vntimely thoughts did instigate,
His all too timelesse speede, if none of those,
His *honor*, his *affaires*, his *friends*, his *state*,
Neglected all; with swift intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his luer groves.
O rash false *beat*, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty *bring* still blasts and n're groves old,

When at *Colatia* this false *Lord* arrited,
Well w's he welcom'd by the *Romane dame*,
Within whose face *beauty* and *vertue* stued,
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame,
When *vertue* brag'd, *beauty* woud blush for shame,
When *beauty* boisted blushes, in despight
Virtue woud staine that o're with *silver white*.

But *beauty* in that *white* intituled,
From *Venus* doves doth challenge that faire *field*,
Then *vertue* claimes from *beauty* beauties red,
Which *vertue* gaue the *golden age* to gild
Their *silver cheekes*, and call'd it then their *ir shield*,
Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,
When shame assul'd, the *red* straide fence the *white*.
This

OF LVCRECE.

This Heraldry in *Lucrece* face was seene,
Argued by beauties red and vertues white,
Of eithers colour was the other *Lucrece* ;
Prouing from worlds minority their right,
Yet their *ambition* makes them still to fight :
The *sou'reignty* of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each others *seat*.

This silent warre of *Lillies* and of *Roses*,
Whch *Tarquin* view'd in her faire faces field,
In their pure ranks his *traytor* eye encloses,
Where least between them both it should be kild,
The coward *captaine* vanquished doth yeeld
To those two *armes* that would let him goe,
Rather than triumph in so false a *fece*.

Now thinks he that her *husband* shallow tongue,
The *niggard prodigall* that prais'd her so,
In that high taske hath done her *beauty* wrong,
Which faire exceeds his *barren skill* to show.
Therefore that *praise* which *Colasine* doth owe,
Incharted *Tarquin* answers with *surmis*,
In silent *wonder* of still gazing eyes.

This earthly *Saint* adored by this *Diuell* ;
Litte suspecteth the *false worshipper* ;
" For thoughts vnstan'd doe sildome dreame on
" Birds never lim'd, no secret basbes feare : (cuius,
So guiltlesse she securely gives *good cheare*,
And reverend *welcome* to her princely *gueſſit*,
Whose *inward ill* no *outward barme* expecteth.

For that he coloured with his high *estate*,
Hiding base *finne* in pleats of *Maifly* :
That nothing in him seem'd *inordinate*,
Sue sometime too much wonder of his *eye*,
Which having *all*, *all* could not satisfie ;
But *poorely* rich so wanteth i. his *store*,
That cloyd with *much*, he piæceth still for *more*.
But

THE RAPE

But she that never cop't with *stranger eyes*,
Could pick no meaning from their *parting looks*,
Nor read the subtle *shining secretes*,
Writ in the glassie margenes of such *bashes*,
She touche no *vaknowne baines*, nor fear'd no *bashes*,
Nor could she moralize his *wanton sight*,
More than his *eyes* were opend to the *light*.

He storied to her *earnes* her *husbands fame*,
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull *Italy* :
And decks with praises *Colatines* high name,
Made glorious by his manly *chisery*,
With bruised armes and wreaths of victory ;
Her *joy* vouch beauned-up hand she doth expresse,
And woidlesse so greets beaues for his *successe*.

For from the purpose of his comming thither,
He makes *excuses* for his being there ;
No cloudy *show* of stormy blustering *wether*,
Doth yet in his faire *wellis* once appearre,
Tillable night sad soure of dread and feare,
Upon the *world dim darkesse* doth display,
And in her *vauly prison* shuns the day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought vnto his *bed*,
Intending *weariness* with *heavy sprite* :
For after supper long he questioned
Wish modell *Lucrece*, and wote out the *night* :
Now *leaden slumber* with *liues strength* doth fight,
And euery one to rest themselues betake,
Sane theenes, and *cares*, & *troubled minds* that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie revoluing
The sundry *daugers* of his *wilts* obtaining :
Yet euer to obtaine his *will* resoluing, (ning,
Though *weake-bush hopes* perveyde him to abstaine,
Despaire to gaine doth traffique oft for *gaining*,
And when great *treasure* is the meed proposed,
Though *death* be *aduertis*, ther's no *death* supposed
Those

OF LVCRECE

Thos: that much *esse* are with gaias so fond,
That oft they have not that which they possesse,
They scatter and velloose it from the *bed*,
And so by hoping more they have but *lesse*,
Or gaining more the profit of *exesse*,
Is but to surfer, and such *griefes* sustaine,
That they *peyne* bankrupt in this paore rich garne.

The *ayme* of all is but to muse the *life*,
With *honour*, *wealth* and *east*, in viayning age :
And in this *ayme* there is such *chymering* strife,
That one for *all*, or *all* for *one* vse gage :
As *life* for honor, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for *wealth*, and oft that *wealth* doth cost
The death of *all*, and all together lost.

So that in *venyng* *ill*, we *lesse* to *be*
The things we *are*, for that which we expect :
And this ambitious foule infirmy,
In having *much*, tormentes vs with defect
Of that we *have* : so then we doe neglect
The thing we *have*, and all for want of *vit*,
Make *something* nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his *honor* to obtaine his *lust* :
And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake :
Then where is *treue*, if there be not *slife-trauell*,
When shall he thinke to finde a *stranger* lust,
When he himselfe himselfe confounds, beyraies
To flanderous *tongues* wretched lawfull daies ?

Now stole vpon the *time* the *dead* of *night*,
When heavy sleep had clo's'd vp mortall eye,
No comfortable *starrs* did lend hit light,
No noisit but *Owles* and *Wolues* death-boding criess
Now serues the *seales* that they may surprize
The silly *Lambs*, pure thoughts are dead and *still*,
While *Lust* and *Murder* wakes to *staine* and *kill*. And

THE RAPE

3
T^ro^ug^h q^uin^g
disputing
th^e matter
at last re-
solves to
satisfie his
lust.

And now this lustfull *Lord* leapt from his bed,
Throwing his *mantle* rudely o're his *arme*,
Is madly lost betwene *desire* and *dread* ;
Th' one sweetely flutters, th' other feareth *harme*,
But honest *fear*, bewitcht with *lust*'s *oule charme*,
Doth too too oft betake him to *retire*,
Beaten away by brain-sick *rust* *desire*.

His *Fauchion* on a *flair* he softly-smiteth,
That from the cold *stone* sparkes of *fire* doth flye,
Whereat a *waxen* torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be *lode*-*ther* to his lustfull *ey*s,
And to the *flame* thus speaks aduisedly ;
As from this cold *flair* I enforst this *fire*,
So *Lucrece* must I force to my *desire*.

Here pale with *feare* he doth premeditate,
The *danger*s of his lochsome enterprise :
And in his inward *minde* he doth debate,
What following *sorrow* may on this arise :
Then looking *scoenfully*, he doth despise
His naked *armour* of still slaughester lust,
And iustly thus control's his *thoughts* *vniust*.

Fire *torch* burne out thy light, and lend it not,
To darken her whose *light* excelleth thine :
And die *vnhalloved* *thoughts* before you bloc
With your *uncleannessesse* that which is *disire* :
Offer pure *incense* to so pure a *shrine* :
Let faire *humanity* abhor the *dead*, (w^{ed}.)
That *spott* and *staines* loues modest snow-white

O shame to *knight hood*, and to *shaining aymer*,
O foule *disbesser* to my *households* *grace* :
O impious *Act* including all foule *barmer*,
A *marciall man* to be *soft* *fancies* *flame*,
True *valour* still a *true* *refrect* should haue :
Then my *digression* is so *vile*, so *base*,
That it will *live* *engrauen* in *gray face*.

Yes

OF LVCRECE.

Yes though I die the *standall* will furuiue,
And be an *esi-sore* in my golden coate :
Some loathsome dash the *Herald* will contrine,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote :
That my *paſſerby* sham'd wth the note
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no ſinne
To wſh that I their *father* had not beene.

What win I if I gaine the thing I ſeekē ?
A *dreme*, a *breath*, a *ſtock* of *ſteeting* *joy*,
Who buies a *minutes* mirth to wiale a *weeke* ?
Or ſels *eternity* to get a *joy* ?
For one ſweet *grape* Who will the *wife* *deſtroy* ?
Or what fond *beggar* but to touch the *crown*,
Would with the *jeaſter* ſtraight be ſtrucken down.

If *Coletinus* dreame of my iorenſe,
Will he not wake ; and in a deſperate rage
Poſt hither, this vile *purpoſe* to preuent ?
This ſiege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This *bluſto* *yoſth*, this *ferror* to the ſage,
This *dying* *virtue*, this *furuuiuing* *ſhame*,
Whose *crime* will begean ever-during *blame*.

O what excuse can my *infidellion* make
When thou ſhalt charge me wth ſo blacke a *deed* :
Will not my *tongue* be truſe, my fraile *ioyntes* ſhake ?
Mine *ties* forgoe their *light*, my *false* *heart* bleed ?
The *guilts* being great, the *ſcarre* doth ſtill exceed,
And *extreme* *ſcarre* can neither ſight nor ſie,
But cowardlike with trembling *teror* die.

Had *Coletinus* kild my *Sorine* or *Sire*,
Or laine in ambuſh to betray my *life* ;
Or were he not my deare *friend*, this *defacie*
Might haue excuse to worke vpon his *wife* ;
As in *reuenge* or *quittall* of ſuch ſtrife ?
But as he is my *kinsman*, my deare *friend*,
The *ſhame* and *ſauſt* finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull

THE RAPE

Shamefull it is, if once the *fact* be knownne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hite in *louing*,
Ile beg her loue: but she is not her *owne*:
The worst is but *deniall*, and *reproving*:
My *will* is strong, past *reasons* weake remouing.
Who feates *sentence* or an old mans *lawe*,
Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in *awe*.

Thus (gracelesse) holds he dispunction,
Twicene frozen *conscience* and hot *burning* *will*,
And with good *thoughts* makes dispensution,
Vrging the worsker sense for vantage still.
Which in a moment doth *confound* and kill
All pure *effects*, and doth so farre proceed,
That what is *vile* shewes like a *virtuous deed*.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the *hand*,
And gaz'd for *tydings* in my eager *eyes*,
Fearing some bad *newes* from the *warlike land*
Where her beloued *Colatinus* lies.
O how her *feare* did make her *colour* rise?
First red as *Roses* that on *Lawne* we lay,
Then white as *Lawne* the *Roses* tooke away.

And now her *hand* in my *hand* being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her *loyall feare*:
Which strooke her *sad*, and then it faster rockt,
Vntill her *husbands* *welfare* she did heare,
Whereat she smilte with so sweet a *cheare*
That had *Narcissus* seen her as she stood,
Selfe-loue had never drown'd him in the *lood*.

Why huns I then for *colour* or *excuses*?
All *Oratours* are dumbe when *beauty* pleads,
Poore *wretches* haue *remorse* in poore *abuses*,
Loue theiues not in the *heart* that shadowves dreads,
Affection is my *Captaine* and he leades:
And when this gaudy banner is displaide,
The *coward* hights, and *will* not be dismaide.

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OF LVCRECE.

Then childifh feare auant, *debating* die,
Respect and *Reason* wait on wrinkled age ?
My heart shall neuer countermand mine eye,
Sad *pause* and *deepe* *Regard* beſeems the Sage,
My part is *youth*, and beates these from the ſtage ;
Desire my pilot is, *Beauty* my *prise*,
Then who feares ſinking where ſuch *treasure* lies ?

As corne ore-grownē by *weeds*, ſo heedfull feare
Is almoſt cloakt by vneſifted *luſt*,
Away he ſteales with open liſtning *care*,
Full of foule *hope* and full of fond miſtruit :
Both which as feruitors to the vniuit
So croſſe him with their oppoſite perſuasion,
That now he vowed a leageue, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heauenly *image* fits,
And in the ſelue fame ſeat lies *Colatine*,
That *eye* which lookeſ on her, confounds his *wits*,
That *eye* which him beholds, as more diuine
Vnto a view ſo falſe will not incline :
But with a pure *appeale* ſeeks to the *heart*,
Which once corrupted, takes the worſter part.

And therin heartens vp his ſervile *powers*,
Who fluttered by their *leaders* ſoond thow,
Scuſſe vp his *luſt*, as minutes fill vp *browns* ;
And as their *Captaine*, ſo their *pride* doth grow,
Paying more lauifh *tribute* than they owe.
By reprobate *desire* thus madly led
The Romane Lord doth march to *Lucrece* bed,

The *lockes* betweene her *chamber* and his *will*,
Each one by him enforſt, recites his *ward*,
But as they open, they all rate his *ill*,
Which diuines the creeping *theefe* to ſome regard.
The *threshold* graces the *dore* to haue him heard :
Night-wandring *Woozels* ſhooke to ſee him there,
They fright him yet he ſtill purſues his *feare*.

B

As

THE RAPE

5
Lucrètia
wakes a-
mazed &
confoun-
ded to be
so surpri-
sed.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull sinnes wakynge,
That thinks shee hath beheld some gally grise,
VVhose grim affect sets every ioynt a shakin,
VVhat terrorre t'is : but shee in wroter taking,
From sleepe disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terrorrie.

VVrapt and confounded in a thousand feare,
Liketo a new-kild bird she trembling lies :
She dares not looke, yet winking there appeareth
Quicke shifting Antiques vgly in her eyes,
Such shadowes are the weake braines forgeries,
VWho angry that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darknes dauntes them with more dreadfull figbys.

His hand that yet remaines vpon her brest,
(Rude Ram to batter such an Iury wall :)
May feele her heart (poore Cisines) distrest,
VVounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall :
Beating her Selske, that his hand shaketh withall.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the brest, and enact this swert City.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
VVho ore the white shes peere's her whiter eies,
The reason of this rash alarme to know,
VVhich he by dumbe demeanor seekes to shew:
But she with vehement prayers vrgeth still,
Vnder what colour he commits the ill.

Thus he replies, the colour in this face,
That even for anger makes the Lily pale,
And the red Rose blush at her owne disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my louing tale,
Vnder that colour am I come to scake
Thy never conquered fort, she fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus

OF LVC REGE.

Thus I forecast thee : if thou meane to chide,
Thy *beauty* hath infar'd thee to this night,
VVhere thou with *patience* must my *will* abide :
My *will* that markes thee for my *earths* delight,
VWhich I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as *reprofe* and *reasan* beat it dead,
By thy bright *beauty* it was newly beed.

I see what *crofes* my *attempt* will bring,
I know what *thornes* the growing *Rafe* defends,
I thinke the *houy* guarded with a *ring*,
All this before hand counsell comprehends.
But *will* is *deafe*, and heares no heedfull friends.
Only he hath an *eye* to *grace* on *beauty*,
And does on what he lookes, *gainst* *law* or *dyty*.

I haue debated even in my *steule*,
VWhat *wrong*, what *shame*, what *sorrow* I shal breed,
But nothing can affections *courfe* controle
Or stop the headlong fury of his *reed*,
know *repentant* *teares* infuse the deed.
I Reproch, *disdaine*, and deadly *envy*,
Yet strive I to imbrace mine *infamy*.

This fide, he shaketh aloft his *Raumone* blade,
VWhich like a *Faucon* towring in the spye,
Couches the *swife* below with his wings *Quade*,
VWhose crook *beake* threatens, if hee mounte be diepy,
So vnder the insulting *Faucon* lies
Harmleſſe *Lacres*, marking what he triſe, (heli.
VVith trembling ſcere, as ſwift heate *Faucon*.

Lacres, quoth he, this night I ſhall enjoy thee
If thou deny, then force muſt worke my way :
For in thy *bed* I purpose to deſtroy thee.
That done, ſome worthleſſe flane of think'le they,
To kill thine *boner* with thy *liues* decay.
And in thy dead *armes* doe I meane to place him,
Swearing I fley him ſeeing thus imbrace him.

THE RAPE

O had they in that darksome pris'ne died;
Then had they seen the *period* of their ill; 10
Then *Colatine* againe by *Lucrece* f'gry, 11
In his cleere bed might haue repos'd still; 12
But they must ope this blัสed league to kill: 13
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their sight, 14
Must sell her *joy*, her *life*, her *worlds* delight. 15

Her lilly hand he *cas'is* cheeke lies vnder, 16
Coozening the *pis'or* of a lawfull kisse; 17
Who therefore angry seemes to part in funder, 18
Swelling on either side to want his blisse. 19
Between whose hys her head incomb'd is, 20
Where like a vertuous *monument* she lies, 21
To be admir'd of levid vahallowed eyes. 22

Without the bed her other faire hand was, 23
On the greene *cony'let*, whose perfect white, 24
Show'd like an April *daye* on the *grasse*, 25
With pearly swc; resembling dew of night. 26
Her eyes like *Marigold's* had sheath'd their lighte, 27
And canopied in darknesse sweetly lay, 28
Till they might open to adome the day. 29

Her baire like golden *threads* plaid with her *breath*, 30
O modest *wanton*, wanton *modesty*, 31
Showing *lifes* triumph in the *map* of *death*, 32
And *death's* dum looke in *lives* mortallity, 33
Each in her sleepe themselues so beautifull, 34
As if hevvene them twaine there were no strife, 35
But that life ha'd in *death*, and *death* in *life*. 36

Her *breffs* like irony *globes* circled with *hemp*, 37
A paire of *maiden* *worlds* unconquer'd, 38
Save of their *Lord* no heaving yoke they knowe, 39
And him by *asib* they truly honour'd. 40
These *worlds* in *Tarquin* new ambition-beds, 41
Who like a foule *vsurper* went about, 42
From this faire *throne* to haue the *virgyn* out. 43

What

OF LVC RECE.

What could he see but mightily he noted ?
VVhat did he note, but strongly he desired ?
VVhat he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his *will* his wilfull *eye* he tired.
VVith more than admiration he admired
Here *auise* *veines*, her *alaballer* *skinne*,
Her *corall* *lips*, her *snow*-*white* *dimpled* *chin*.

As the grim *Lies* fawneth ore his prey,
Sharpe hunger by the *conquest* satisfied :
So ore this sleeping *faul* doth *Tarquis* stay,
His rage of *lust* by gazing qualified.
Slackt, not suppress, for standing by her side,
His *eye* which late this *matay* restraines,
Unto a greater *uprise* tempts his *veines*.

And they like stragling *flaues* for pillage fighting,
Obdurate *vauals* fell exploits effecting :
In bloody *death* and *raishment* delighting,
Nor *childrens* *stares*, nor *malibens* *gones* respecting,
Swell in their *pride*, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating *hearts* alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His *drumming* *beart* cheares vp his *burning* *eye*,
His *eye* commands the leading to his hand :
His *hand* as proud of such a *dignity*,
Smoking with *pride*, marcht on to make his *faul*
On her bare *breasts*, the *beart* of all her land,
Whose rankes of blcww *visars* as his hand did scale,
Left their round *tayrets* destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet *Cabinet*,
VVhere their deare *guerwosse* and *Lady* lies,
Doe tell her she is dreadfully belest,
And fright her with confusion of their *cries* :
She much amaz'd beakes ope her lockt vp *eyes* :
VVho peeping forth this *tumult* to behold,
Are by his flaming *torch* dim'd and conterold.

THE RAPE

As each vntwilling portall yelds him way,
Through little *vents* and *crevasses* of the place,
The *warde* wares with his *torch* to make him fly,
And blowes the *smoke* of it into his *face*,
Extinguishing his *comfit* in this case,
But his hot *heat*, which fond *desire* doth stoch,
Puffes forth another *winde* that fires the *trash*.

And being lighted by the *light* he spies
Lucrecia's *glove*, wherein her *needle* stickes,
He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies,
And griping it, the *needle* his *finger* pricks:
As who should say, this *glove* to *wanton* trickes
Is not iut'd, returne againe in *half*,
Thou seest our *Mis* *Proffe* *ornamentes* are *chast*.

But all these poote *forbiddings* could not stay him,
He in the *worst* *sense* construex their *deniall*,
The *doses*, the *wind*, the *glove* that did deluy him,
He takes for *accidental* *things* of *trials*,
Or is those *barres* which stop the *hourelly diall*,
VVho wish a *lingring* *stay* his *curse* doth let,
Till every *minute* payes the *houre* his *debt*.

So, so, quoth he, these *lets* attend the *time*,
Like little *frosts* that sometime thret the *spring*,
To adde a more *rejoyceng* to the *prime*,
And give the *suspedit* *birds* more *cause* to *sing*,
Paine paies the *income* of eth *preious* *thing*. (sand,
Huge *rocks*, high *winds*; strong *pirats*, *abelers*, and
The *merchant* *seates*, *etc* rich at *home* he *landes*.)

Now is he come vnto the *chamber* *doors*;
That flouts him from the *heauen* of his *thoughts*,
Which with a yeelding *lasciv* and *trich* no more,
Hath bard him from the *blessed* *thing* he soughe,
So from himselfe *impiety* hath wrought
Thit for his *prey* to pray he doth begin,
As if the *heavens* should countenance his *faire*.

But

OF LVCRECE.

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,
Huning sollicited sh'eternal power, (bire)
That his feule thoughts might compasse his faire
And they would stand suspiciois to the fowre,
Euen there he staies, quoth he, I must desoure:
The power to whoma I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assit me in the act?

Then loue and fortune be my gads, my guide,
My will is backe with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
Blacke fonne is cleared with absolution,
Against louer fire, foyles frost hant dissolution,
The eye of heauen is our, and misty night
Covers the shame that followes sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The Dore sleepes fast that this night-spyre will ead,
Thus treason woks ere traitors be espied:
Who sees the lurking/erpeste steps aside?
But she sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortall sting.

Into the Chamber wickedly he stalkes,
And gaseph on her yet vntainted bed:
The curtaines being close above he walkes,
Rouling his greedy eye-balls in his heads,
By their high treason in his heare milled. (soone)
Which gues the march-word to his hand too
To draw the clauds that hides the siluet Moone.

Looke as the faire and fery pointed Sante,
Rushing from soorth a cloud, bereaves our sight.
Euen so the curtaine dr awne his eys began
To winke, being blinded, with a greater sight.
Whether it is that she refelctes so bright
That deaketh them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keepe themselves inclosed.

THE RAPHE

So thy forswiating *husband* shall remaine,
The scornefull *marks* of every open ey,
The kinmen *hang* their hearts at this disdaine,
Thy *issue* bloud with nameless *hazard*—
And thou the *Author* of their *obliquy*.
Shall haue thy trespasses cited vp in rimes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret *friend*,
The fault vnknowne is as though enacted,
A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull policy remaines enacted.
The posidous *simple* sometimes is compacted
In purest compounds ; being so applied,
His *venome* in effect is purisht.

Then for thy *husband* and thy *childer* vsake,
Tender my *suit*, bequeath not to their *los*.
The *shame* that from them no deuise canake,
The *blemish* that will never be storgo :
VVorse than a *flauish wiper*, or *birth-beavis* blot,
For markes descried in mens statuyn,
Are *Natures* faults, not their owne infany.

Here with a *Cockatrice* dead killing eye,
He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a *passe*,
VVhile she the *picture* of pure piety,
Like a white *Hinde* beneath the *grym* sharp *clivices*,
Pleads in a *wildernes* where are no lawes,
To the rough *beast*, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obeys but his *faulke appetize*.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the *world* doth threare,
In his dim *mis* the aspiring mountaine hiding,
From earths darke womb some gentle gas doth ge,
Which blow these pitchy vapours from their hiding,
Minding their peevish *fall* by this diuiding.
So his vnhallowed *base* her words delites,
And moody *Plates* wrinke while *Orpheus* plaiers.

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OF LVCRECE.

Yet soule night walking *Can* he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt *for* the weake mouse panted. A
Her ſad behaviour feeds his vulture ſolly 5
A ſwallowing wife that even in plentie wanteth.
His *ear* her *prayers* admires, but his *heart* granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining, (aing.
Teares harden *laff*, though *marble* weares with ray-

Her pity pleading eyes are ſadly fixed
In the remouſeable *wrinkles* of her *face* :
Her modest eloquence with ſighes is mixed,
Whiche to her *Oratory* adds more grace.
She puts the period often from her place,
And midſt the ſentences ſo her accent breakes
That twice ſhe doth begin ere once ſhe ſpeakes.

She coniures him by high *Almighty loue*, 6
By *Knighthood*, *Centry*, and ſweet friendships oath, *Lucrece*
By her *wifely* *tautes*, her *husbands* *loue*, *pleadeth*
By *holy* *burners* *law*, and *common* *trath*. *in defence*
By *bones* and *earth*, and all the *powers* of both,
That to his borrowed bed he make retiue,
And ſtoope to *Honor*, not to ſoule *desire*. *of chauſtity, and ex-*
probateſt
his vnicual
luſt.

Quoth ſhe, reward not *Hospitality*
With ſuch *blacke* *paynem* as thou haſt pretended,
Madd not the *ſoultaine* that gue *drinke* to thee,
Mark not the *thing* that cannot be amended :
End thy ill *eyne*, before thy ſhort be ended.
He is no *Wood-mane* that doth bend his *bow*
To ſtrike a poore vneſonable *Doe*.

My *husband* is thy *friend*, for his like ſpare me,
Thy ſelfe art mighty, for thine own like leue me ;
My ſelfe a *waking* doe not then infame me.
Thou look'ſt not like *desire*, doe not deuine me,
My ſighes like *whirwind* ſlabor hence to heauie thee ;
If euer man was mou'd with *womes* monies,
Be moued with my *teares*, my ſighes, my groans.

All

THE RÂPE

Euen in this thought through the dark night he fleas
A captive victor that hath lost in gaine : (leth
Bearing away the wound that noching healeth,
The scar that will despight of Care remaine,
Leuing his soule perplext in greater paine.
She beares the load of full he left behinde,
And he the burthen of a guilty minde.

He like a thecuish dog creeps fadly thence,
She like a wearied Lambe lies pancing there :
He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,
She desperate, with her nayles, her flesh doth teare,
He faintly flies, swearing with guilty feare :
She staies excludyng on the disfull night :
He runs and chides his vanishe loch'd flight.

He thence departs a beauteous caysterrie,
She there remaines a hopelesse casaway :
He in his speed lookes for the morning light :
She prayes the never may behold the day,
For day, quoth she, night-scopes doth open lay :
And my true eies haue neuer practised how,
To cloake offences with a eyning bres.

They thinke not but that every ey can see,
The same disgrace which they themselves behold :
And therefore would they still in darknesse lie,
To haue their vncouer sinnes remaine knold :
For they their guilt wch weeping will unsold,
And graue like water that doth ease in Steele,
Vpon my cheeks what helpeless shame I feele.

8
Lucrece
thus abu-
sed com-
plaines on
her misery

Here she exclaims against rest and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind :
She wikes her beast by beatling on her brest,
And bids it leape from thence where it may finde
Some puce cheſt, to cloſe ſo puce a minde. (spight)
Franticke with griefe thus breaths ſhe forth her
Againſt the vallen ſociety of night.

OF LVCRECE.

O comfort-killing sight, image of Hell,
Dim register, and notary of shame,
Blache page for tragedies and martires fell;
Vast shame-concealing Chasor, nurse of blame,
Blind muffled bawde, blache babor of defame,
Grim case of death, whispring conspirator,
VVith close-tongu'd treason, and the rausisher.

O hateful, vaporous and foggy sight,
Since thou art guilty of my carelesse crime:
Master thy ~~mis~~ to meet the Easterne light,
Make war against proportion'd course of times:
O: if thou wolt permit the Sunne to clime
His wondred heigh, yet ere he goe to bed,
Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

VVith rotten dampersnush the morring ayre,
Let their exhal'd vnholesome breaths make sické
The life of purity the suprem faire,
Ere he arruie his weary noon-tide prické,
And let thy misty vapors marchis o thucke,
That in their smoaky ranker his smoothered light
May set at ~~usse~~ and make perennall night.

VVere Tarquin's night as he is but night's child,
The filier shining Queene he would disdaine,
Her twinnckling handmaids too (by him defild)
Through Night's black biform shold not peep again,
So shold I hide ~~myself~~ in my paine.
And fellowship in ~~me~~ cloth ~~me~~ allvage,
As ~~pa~~mers that makes short their pilgrimage.

Where now I haue no one to blush with me, (mine,
To crosse their arme's and hang their heads with
To maske their browes and hide their infamy,
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with ~~shower~~ of siluer briare,
Mingling my talk with ~~tear~~, my grief with ~~grane~~ t
Poore walking ~~membran~~ of latting ~~maner~~.

THE RAPE

So shall these *flaues* be *Rings*, and thou their *flame*:
Thou *nobly base*, they basely disguised:
Thou, their *faire life*, and they thy *fauler graunt*:
Thou loathed in their *shame*, they in thy *pride*:
The *lesser thing* should not the *greater hide*:
The *Cedar* stoops not to the *base shrubs* soon,
But *low shrubs* wither at the *Cedars root*.

So let thy thoughts low *waffles* to thy *state*,
No more, quoth he, by heauen I will not heare thee:
Yield to my *lawe*, if not, enforced *base*:
Instead of *base* coy *taue* shall rudely scare thee:
That done, despightfully I meane to beare thee:
Vnre the *base* bed of some *rascal groome*,
To be thy *partner* in this *shamefull shame*.

This said, he sets his foot vpon the *night*,
For *lights* and *lust* are deadly enemies:
Shame folded vp in blind concealing *night*,
VWhen most *vnseen*, then most doth tyrannise.
The *Wolfe* hath seise'd his *prey*, the poor *Lamb* cries
Till with her owne *white blace* her *voies* controid,
Intombs her outcry in her *lips* sweet fold.

For with the *nightly liars* that she weares,
He pens her piteous clamores in her *head*,
Cooling his hot *face* in the chaldest *travers*,
That euer modest *ties* with sorrow fled:
O that foule *lust* should staine so pure a *bed*!
The *spots* whereof could weeping purifies,
Her *teares* should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose againe:
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary *joy* breeds moneths of *paine*,
This *bet desir* converts to *cold disdaine*:
Pure *Chastity* is rifted of her store,
And *lust*, the *thiefe*, far poorer than before.

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OF LVCRECE

Looke as the ful-fed *Hawke* or gorged *Hawke*—
Vnapes the tender *snell* or speedy flight,
Make flow pursuit, or altogether bauke
The prey whereto by nature they delight :
So surfe-taking *Tarquinius* feares this night.
His taste delicious, an digestion sovraug,
Diuoures his wiſe, that liu'd by fonle devouring.

O deeper ſinne than bottomeleſe conceit
Can coſtpehend in ſtill imagination !
Drunken deſire muſt vomit his recit,
See he can iſe his owne abomination.
VWhiſt laſt iſ in hiſ pride, no exclamation
Can curbe hiſ heat, or reine hiſ ralſ deſire,
Till like a Ladie ſelfe will himſelfe doth tire.

And then wiſh laſke and leine diſcolour'd cheeke,
With heaſy eye, kniſt brow, and ſtronghleſe paſte,
Feeble deſire all recitatiſ, poore and mecke,
Like to a bankerout begger wailes hiſ eafe :
The fleſh being proud, deſire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels, and when that decaies,
The guilty rebel ſecuſiſſion praiſes.

So fares it wiſt this ſaulefull Lord of Rome,
VWho this accomplishment ſo hotly chafed ;
For now, againſt hiſeſelfe he ſounds hiſ doſce,
That through the length of riſes he ſtands diſgraced
Beſides, hiſ oules faire templa is defaſed :
To whiſeweakneſſe twiſt ouſtly troupeſ of eates,
To eaſe the ſpoſted Princeſſe how the fates.

She ſaies her ſubiect with fonle iſfertion,
Hone bauzed downe her conſecrated ſelf,
And by their mortall ſeaſ brought iſfertion,
Her immortallitye ſoone made her cheare,
To liuing deaſt and paine perpeſual,
VWhiſt in her proſperitie ſhe conuoleſed ill,
But her ſyngiſh could neuer forſtall cheiſ wiſe.

Even

THE RAPE

All which together like a troubled *Oster*,
Beat at thy rocky, and wracke thereaming heart,
To soften it with their contynall motion:
For *fewe* diffõlõ *Who* *where* doe conuert,
Or if no harder than a *fliss* thou art,
Melt at my *teares* and be compasioneate,
Soft pity enteres at an ires gaze.

In *Tarquin* likeenesse I did encouaine thee,
Hast thou put on his *shape* to doe him shame?
To all the *beste* of hemme I complaine me,
Thou wrongest his *Honor*, woundest his princely name
Thou art not what thou *seest*, and if the fame,
Thou seemest not what thou *art*, a *God*, a *King*,
For *Kings* like *Gad* should gouerne every thing.

How will thy shame be seceded in thine age,
VVhen thus thy *wives* bid before thy *bring*?
If in thy *hope* thou darst doe such outrage,
VVhat darst thou not when once thou art a *King*?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From *waffall* actors can be wipt away
Then *Kings* misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This *deed* shall make thee only lou'd for feare,
But happy *Monarchs* still are feard for loue:
VVith fowle offenders thou perforce must beare,
VVhen they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue,
For *Princes* are the *glasse*, the *shoole*, the *book*,
VVhere subiects eies doe *tears*, doe *read*, doe *blame*.

And wil thou be the *shoole* where *law* shall learned,
Must he in thee read *lectures* of such shame?
VVilt thou be *glasse* wherein it shall discerne
Authority for *fause*, *warrant* for *blame*?
To priuiledge *disbounre* in thy name,
Thou back'st *reproch* against long living *land*,
And mak'st faire *Reputation* but a *baud*.

Hast

OF LVCRECE.

Hast thou commanded by him that gave it thee
From a pure heart commanded thy rebell will :
Draw not thy sword to gird iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that breed to kill,
Thy princely sister how canst thou fulfill.
When patterned by thy fault, foul fisses, may say,
He learned to fiss, and thou didst teach the way ?

Thinke but how vile a spectre it were,
To view thy present trephase in another :
Mens faults doe seldom to themselves appear,
Their owne transgressions partially they smother :
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wsope in wrth infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eies.

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,
Not to redusing last thy rash reply :
I sue for exild misfiers repeale,
Let hum returne and flattering thoughts retire.
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mire from thy dousing eies,
That thou shalte see thy blare and pitty mire.

Hue done, quoth he, my uncontralled tide
Turnes not, but fivels the higher by this ley,
Small lights are soone blowne out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret :
The pretty freames that pay a dayly debt
To their late foveraigne wch their frell fols haft,
Add to this fles, but alter not the 2dys.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a souveraine King,
And low, these fles into thy boundellie flood,
Blacke fell, dyshony, abane, misgoverning
VVho feele to staine the Ocean of thy blood.
If all these pretty illes shall change thy good,
Thy fles within a puddle wombe is berfed,
And neare the puddle in thy fles dispersed.

7

Terquiss
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force.

THE RAPE

Onight thou *furace* of soule recking smoke,
Let not the icalous day behold that face
VVhich vnderneath thy blacke all hiding cloake
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
Keape still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
My likewise be sepulchred in thy *shade*.

Make me not obiect to the tel-tale *day*,
The lght shull slevv charactred in my brow,
The *story* of sweet *chastities* decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlockes *vow*.
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned booke,
VVill quote my lothsome trespass in my looks.

The *wife* to still her *child* will tell my *story*,
And frigt her crying *babe* with *Tarquins* name :
The *Orator* to decke his oratory,
VVill couple my reproch to *Tarquins* shame,
Feast finding minstrels tuning my defame
VVill tie the hearers to attend eachline,
How *Tarquin* wronged me, I *Colatine*.

Let my *good name*, that senselssie reputation,
For *Colatines* deare *loue* be kept vnpoised :
If that be made a *theame* for *disputation*,
The *branches* of another *root* are rotted,
And vndeseru'd *reproch* to him allotted,
That is as cleare from this *attaint* of mine,
As I eie this, w^s pure to *Colatine*.

Ovnseene shame, inuisible disgrace !
Ovnfelt sore, creit-wounding priuate *scarre* !
Reproch is stamp't in *Colatines* face,
And *Tarquin* eye may read the *mote* a far,
How he in *peace* is wounded, not in *war*.
Al^s how many bear such shameful *blowes*, (knows?
VVhich not themselves but he that gives them

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OF LVCRECE.

If *Colerine*, thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong *assault* it is bereft :
My *hony* lost, and I a *Drone*-like Bee,
Hue no perfection of my sommer left,
But rob'd and rafackt by iniurious *thefte*.
In thy weake *biue* a wandring *Wife* hath crept,
And suckt the *hony* which thy chafft *hee* kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy *honor*ys wracke,
Yet for thy *honor* did I enterteine him :
Comming from thee, I could not pue him backe :
For it had been dishonor to disdaine him,
Besides, of *weariness* he did complaine him :
And talkt of *virtue* (O vnlookt for euill,
When *virtue* is prophan'd in such a *Dinez* !)

Why should the worme intrude the maiden bud ?
Or hatefull *Cuckowes* hatch in *Sparrowes* nests ?
Or *Todes* infect faire founts with venome mu ?
Or Tyrant *Folly* lurke in gentle brefts ?
Or *Kings* be breakers of their owne *beliefs* ?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some inquierie doth not pollute.

The *aged* man that *coffers* vp his *gold*,
Is plagu'd with *cramps*, and *goues*, and *painefull fits* ;
And *scorne* hath *eyes* his *cajure* to behold,
But like still pining *Tantalas* he sits,
And *vclesse* banishes the *haruest* of his *wits* :
Hewing no other pleasure of his *gaine*,
But *torment* that it cannot cure his *paine*.

So then he hath it when he cannot vise it,
And leaues it to be *masstrea* by his *young*,
Who in their *pride* doe presently abuie it :
Their *father* was too weake, and they too *strong* :
To hold their cursed blessed fortune long,
The *sweetes* we wish oft turne to loathed *sowres*,
Euen in the *momene* that we call them *ours*.

THE RAPE

Varul y blasts wait on the tender spryng,
Vnholosome weeds take root with precions floweres :
The Adder haueth where the sweet birds sing :
What vertue breeds, iugisid deuours :
VVe haue no goad that we can sy iis ours :
But ill annexed Opportunity,
Or kils his life, or elie his qualitie.

O Opportunity thy gaudi is great :
Tis thou that execute st the traitors treason :
Thou settest the Wolfe where he the Lambe may get :
Who euer plots the fesse, thou points the season :
Tis thou that spurnest at right, at law, at reason :
And in thy flady Cell where none may spie her,
Sies Siane to seaze the soules that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the Devil violate her oath :
Thou blovrest the fire when Temperance is chawd :
Thou smotherest honestie, thou murtherest iroth :
Thou soule abettor, thou sutorious band :
Thou plantest scandall, and displacest land.
Thou rauisher, thou traitor, thou false thef :
Thy bevy tunces to gall, thy ley to grieve.

Thy secret pleasure tunces to open shame :
Thy private sealding to a publike fall :
Thy smotthe-ling titles to a ragged name :
Thy sag-ell tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
Thy wi-ling vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble supplicants friend,
And bring him where his fust may be obtained ?
VWhen- wilt thou soe an boare great strife to end ?
Or free that soule which Wretchednes hath chained ?
Giue physike to the sicke, ease to the pained ?
The poore Lambe, blinde, hale, creep, cry out for thee ;
But they here met with opportunity.

The

OF LVCRECE.

The *Patient* dies while the *physitian* sleepes ;
The *Orphan* pines while the *Oppressor* feeds ;
Justice is fealting while the *widow* weepes ;
Aduise is sporting while *infestation* breeds,
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds,
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murther rages,
Tby hainous *hours* wait on them as their pages.

When *Truth* and *Virtue* have to doe with thee,
A thoufond *crosses* keepe them from thy *aid* ;
They buy thy *lasse*, but *Sinne* neare *gives* a free
He grasse comes, and thou art well apaid
As well to *beare*, as *grasst* what hee haue faid.
My *Coldesse* would else haue come to me :
VWhen *Tarquin* did, but he was ftaid by thee.

Guilty thou art of *murther* and of *theft*,
Guilty of *perjury* and *subordination*,
Guilty of *treason, forgerie* and *thift*,
Guilty of *inceſt* that *abomination*,
An *accessary* by thine inclination
To all *sinnes* past, and all that are to come,
From the *creation* to the *generall doome*.

Mishapen *time*, copeſtinate of *ugly night*,
Swift ſubtile *poſt*, carrier of *grilly care*,
Exter of *youth*, *false flame* to *false delight*,
Bife *watch* of *moſt, firs, packe-hoſe, vertue, ſhame* ;
Thou nurſeſt all, and murthereft all that are ;
O heare me then, iniurions ſhifting *time*,
Be guilty of my *dearh*, ſince of my *crime*.

VVhy hath thy ſervant *Opportunity*
Betraſt'd the *hearts* thou gauſt me to repole ?
Cancelld my *foruines* and inchain'd me
To endleſſe date of neuer-ending *woes* ?
Times *offeſe* is to ſine the *hate* of *foes*,
To eat vpon *eror* by *opinion* bred,
Not ſpend the *dowry* of a lawfull bed.

THE R A P E

Times glory is to calme contending Kings,
To vnmaskē falsehood, and bring truth to lighr,
To stampē the seale of *time* in aged things,
To wake the *morne*, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the *wronger* till he render right,
To ruinate *poud* buildings with thy *houres*,
And smear with *dust* their glittering golden *temples*.

To fill with *worme-holes* stately *monuments*,
To feede *obliuion* with decay of things,
To blot old *booke*s, and alter their contenes,
To plucke the *quills* from ancient *Raues* wings.
To dry the old *osier* sap, and cherish *frissons*.
To spoile *antiquities* of hammered steele,
And turne the giddy round of *Fortunes* wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her *daughters*,
To make the *child* a man, the man a *child*,
To lisy the *Tyger* that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the *Vniscorne* and *Lion* wilde,
To mocke the *subtile* in themselves beguilde ;
To cheare the *Plowman* with increasefull *crops*,
And waste huge *stones* with little *water* drops.

VVhy workst thou mischiefe in thy *pilgrimage*,
Vnlesse thou couldst returme to make amends ?
One poore retyng *minute* in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him *mit* that to bad debtors lends, (bucke,
O this dread *night*, wouldst thou one houre come
I could preuent this *storme* and shant his *wrake*.

Thon ceaslesse lackie to *Eternity*,
With some mischance crossie *Tarquin* in his flight,
Deuise *extreames* beyond *extremity*
To make him curse this cursed crimefull *night* :
Let gasty *shadones* his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evill,
Sh pe cuery *huse* a ludeous *impesle* *Direll*.

D. Surbe

OF LVCRECE.

Disturbe his *bowres* of *rest* with *restlesse traesser*,
Afflict him in his *bed* with *bedred grozes* :
Let there bechance him *pitifull mischances* :
To make him *more*, but *pitty* not his *moves* :
Stone him with hardened harts *harder* than *stones*,
And let *mild women* to him loose their *mildnesse*.
VVilder to him than *Tigers* in their *wildnesse*.

Let him haue *time* to teare his curled haire,
Let him haue *time* against himselfe to *raue*,
Let him haue *time* of *times* helpe to *despaire*,
Let him haue *time* to liue a loathed *flaue*,
Let him haue *time* a *beggers orts* to *crave* :
And *time* to see one that by *almes* doth liue,
Dissaine to him disdained *scraps* to *glue*.

Let him haue *time* to see his *friends* his *foes*,
And merry *fooles* to mocke at him *refort*.
Let him haue *time* to marke how slow *time* goes
In *time* of *sorrow*, and how *swift* and *short*
Has time of *folly*, and *his time* of *port* :
And *ever* let *his vnrecalling time*,
Haue *time* to waile th' *abusing* of *his time*.

O *time* thou *tutor* both to *good* and *bad*,
Teache me to curse him that thou taughst this *ill*,
At his *owne shadow* let the *theefe* run *mad*,
Himselfe, himselfe *seeke* every *houre* to *kill*,
Such *wretched hands* such *wretched bloud* should
For who so *base* would such an *office* haue, (spill,
As *slanderous deaths-men* to so *base* a *flue* ?

The *baser* is he, comming from a *King*,
To shame his *hope* with *deeds* *degenerate*,
The *mightyier* man, the *mightyier* is the *thing*
That makes him *honour'd* or begets him *base* :
For greatest *scandal* waits on greatest *flaue*.
The *Moone* being clouded presently is *mist*,
But little *Starres* may hide them when they *list*.

THE RAPE

The *Crow* may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,
And vnperceiu'd flye wth the filth awsy,
But if the like the snow-white *Swan* deſire,
The ſtaine vpon his filuer *Downe* will ſtay,
Poore *gromes* are fightles night, Kings glorious day,
Gnatſ are vnnoted wherelore they flye,
But *Eagle* gaz'd vpon with euy eye.

Our idle *words*, ſeruants to ſhallow *fooles*
Viprofitable *ſounds*, weake *arbitrators*,
Buſie our ſelues in ſkil-contending *ſchooles*,
Debate where leaſure ſerues wth dull *debatores* :
To trembling *Clients* be you mediatores
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my *caſe* is paſt the helpe of *law*.

In vaine I traile at *Opportunity*,
At *Time*, at *Tarquin*, and vnfearchefull night :
In vaine I cauill wth mine *infamy*,
In vaine I ſpurne at my conſirn'd *despight* :
This helpeleſſe ſmoke of words doth me no right :
The remedy indeed to doe me good,
Is to let forth my foule defiled *blood*.

Poore *hand*, why quieteſt thou at this *decree* ?
Honor thy ſelue to rid me of this *ſhame*,
For if I die, my *Honor* liues in thee,
But if I live, thou liuſt in my *defame* ;
Since thou couldeſt not defend thy loyall *Name*,
And wauſt affaſt to ſcratch her wicked *Foe*,
Kill both thy ſelue and her for yeelding ſo.

This ſud from her betumblēd *couch* ſhe ſtarts,
To finde ſome deſperate iſtrument of death,
But this no *ſlaughter-houſe*, no toole imparts,
To make more vene for paſſage of her *breath*,
Which thrangng through her *lips* ſo vaniſheth
As ſmoke from *Ætna*, that in *aire* conuirmes,
Or that which from diſcharged *Canon* fumes,

OF LVCRECE.

In vaine (quoth she) I liue, and seeke in vaine
Some happy *meane* to end a hapless life :
I feare'd by *Ta quists Fauchis* to be slaine,
Yet for the selte-same purpose seeke a kniſt.
But when I feard, I was a loyall wife ;
So am I now : O no, that cannot be,
Of that true *type* hath *Tarquin* tiffid me.

O that is gone, for which I sought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this *ſpot* by *deat h* (at leaſt) I giue
A badge of fame to flaunder's *liue.ys*,
A dying life to liuing infamy,
Poore helpleſſe helpe the *treasure* ſtolne away,
To burne the guiltleſſe *casket* where it lay.

VVell, well, deare *Colatine* thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſt of violated troth :
I will not wrong thy truſe affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath :
This baſtard *graſſe* ſhall never come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy *ſocke* pollue,
That thou art doting *Father* of his fruit.

Nor shall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his *companions* at thy ſteate,
But thou that know thy *interēſt* was not bought
Baſely with *gold*, but ſtolne from forth thy *gate* ;
For me I am the *miftrefſe* of my *ſtrete*
And with my *trepaſſe* never will diſpence,
Till *life* to death acquit my forſt offence.

I will not poison thee with my *attaint*,
Nor fold my *fault* in cleanly coyn'd excuſes,
My ſable *ground* with ſuane I will not paint,
To hide the *truth* of this falſe nightes abuses :
My tongue ſhall vicer all mine *eyes* like ſluces
As from a *mountaine* ſpring that feeds a *dale*,
Shall gush pure *freſomes* to purge my impure tale.

THE RAPE

9
Lucres
continu-
ing her la-
menys,
disputeth
whether
she should
kill her
selfe or no

By this lamenting *philamente* had ended,
The well-cund *warbit* of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn *sight* with slow sad gate descended
To vgly Hell, wh: n loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to al faire eyer that light would borrow,
But cloudy *Lucres* shames her selfe to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

Reuailing *day* through every *creasy* spise,
And seemes to *point* her out where she sits weeping,
To whom she lobbing speakes, O eye of eyys,
why pry' st thou through my *window*? leue thy peeping
Mock wch thy tickling *blazenes* eies that are sleepynge,
Brand not my *forehead* with thy piercing *light*,
For *day* hath noght to doe what's done by *sight*.

This causeth the with every thing she sees,
True *griefe* is fond and teffie as a *childe*,
Who way-wrad once, his *quond* with nougat agrees,
Old woe, not *infant sorrowes* bear them *milde* ;
Contreassance comes the one, the other *wilde*
Like an *unpractis'd swimmer* plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of *shiel*.

So she deepe drenched in a *sea* of *care*,
Holds disputation with each chung she *vieweth*,
And so her selfe all *sorrow* doth compyre,
No *object* but her *passions* strength newereth,
And as one shifft, another straight ensues,
Sometimes her *griefe* is dumbe and hath no *word*,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little *birds* that tune their *morning* *joy*,
Make her *soules* mad with their *sweet melody*,
For mirth doth seach the bottoome of *anoy*,
Sad *soules* are shane in merry company,
Griefe best is pleased wch *griefes* societie :
True *sorrow* then is feelingly suffiz'd,
When wch like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

OF LVCRECE.

Tis double death to drowne in ken of ~~shoys~~;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding ~~fiend~~,
To see the *false* doth make the *wound* ake more;
Great grieft gneues most at that would doe it good;
Deepe wrotes roulfe forward like a gentle *dead*,
VWho being stopt, the bounding *hys* overflowes,
Grieft dallied with, nor *late* nor *limis* knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoch Eve) your *risse* intcombe
VV_u thin your hollow swelling feathered *breasts*,
And in my hearing be you euer dumbe,
My *celles* *distred* loses no *rops* nor *refit*;
A wofull *beste* brooks not many *gazis*:
Relish your nimble *notes* to picaling *exres*,
Distress *like* *damps* when *time* is *kept* with *teare*.

Come phisicke that singst of reuishment,
Make thy sad *groue* in my disheueld *haire*,
As the dunke earth weepes at thy Languisshment,
So I at each sad *straine* will straine a teare,
And with deepe *graines* the *Dispeste* bereare:
For *burthen-wife* Ile bane on *Tarquin* still,
While thou on *Treass* descants better shill.

And whiles against ~~3~~ ³ ther thou bear'ft thy part,
To keepe thy sharpe ~~wres~~ ^{waking}, wretched I
To imarate thee well, against my heart:
VVill fixe a sharpe ~~knife~~, to alight mine eye,
VVho if it winke, shall theron fall and die.

These meanees as fress vpon an instrument,
Shall turne our heart-stringes to true languishment.

And for poore *bird* thou sing'ſt not in the day,
As ſhaming any eye ſhould thee behold,
Some darke deepe *desart* ſeafed from the way,
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold
Will we finde out: and there we will vntold

To creatures stern, sad times to change their kinds,
- Since men pursue beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds

24

THE RAPE

As the poore frightened Deere that stands at gaze,
VVildely determining which way to fly,
Or one in compast with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the ~~way~~ out readily:
So with her selfe is she in mutinie,
To live or die which of the twaine were better,
VVhen life is sham'd and death reproches debtor.

To kill my selfe, quoth she, slacke what were it
But with my *body* my poore soules pollution?
They that sole batfe vrith greater presence beare it,
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion,
That *mother* tries a mercalleſſe conclusion
Who haſing two ſweet babes when death takes one
VVill ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none.

My *body*, or soule, which was the deerer?
VVhen the one pure, the other made diuine;
Whose loue, of either, to my ſelfe was nearer?
VVhen both were kept for *Heaues* and *Colatine*:
Ay me, the bark pild from the lofty pine
His leaues will wither and his ſap decay,
So muſt my *soule*, her bark being pild away.

Her houſe is ſackt, her quiet interrupted,
Her manfion battered by the enemys
Her ſacred *Temple* ſpotted, ſpoild, corrupted,
Groſſly ingirt with daring infamy,
Then let it not be cald *impieſty*
If in this blemiſh part I make ſome *hole*:
Through which I may conuey this troubled *soule*.

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*
Haue heard the cauſe of my vntimely *death*, —
That he may vow in that ſad houre of mine,
Reuenge on *him* that made me ſtop my breath,
My ſtained bloud to *Tarquinis* ile bequeath,
VVhich by him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent
And as his due, writ in my *Teſtament*.

My

OF LVCRECE.

My *Honor* ile bequath vnto the *knife*,
That wounds my *body* so dishonord :
Tis *Honor* to depresse dishonored life,
The one will liue, the other being dead,
So of shames *ashes* shall my *Fame* be bred :
For in my deach I murther shamefull *scorne*,
My *shame* so dead, my *honor* is neve borne.

Desire Lord of that deare *newell* I have lost,
VVhat *legacy* shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution *lost*, shall be thy *boast*,
By whose example thou reueng'd maist be.
How *Tarquin* maist be vs'd, read it in me.
My selfe thy *friend* will kill my selfe thy *foe*,
And for my sake serue thou false *Tarquin* so.

This briefe *abridgement* of my *will* I make,
My *soule* and *body* to the *skies* and *ground*,
My resolution (*Husband*) doe you take,
Mine *honor* be the *knives* that makes my *wound*,
My *shame* be his that did my *fame* confound.
And all my *fame* that lies disbursed, be
To those that liue and thankē no *shame* of me.

Then *Colatine* shall ouersee this *will*,
How was I ouerseen that thou shalt see it ?
My *bloud* thall wsh the *flander* of mine ill ;
My *lifes* foulē *deed* my *lifes* faire end shall free it.
Faint not faine *heart*, but stouly say, so be it.
Yeeld to my *hand*, end it shall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of *death* when sadly she had laid,
And wip't the brinili *pearle* from her bright *eyes*,
VVith vntun'd tongue sic hoarsely calld her *maid*,
VVhose swift obedience to her *mistresse* hies,
For fleet-wingd *duty* with thoughts *teachers* flies ;
Pooze *Lucrece* checkes vnto her *maid* seeune lo,
As winter meades when *sun* doth melt their *snow*. Husband

Lucrece
resolued
to kil her
selfe de-
termines
first to
send her
Husband
Her word.

THE RAPE

Her *mistresse* she doth give demure *good morrow*
VVith soft slow tongue, true *markes* of modesty,
And sorte a sad looke to her *Ladies sorrow*,
(For why her face wore *sorrows* liuery,) N
B
N
I
P
V
M

But durst not aske of her audaciously,
VVhy her two *suns* were *cloud-eclipsed* so,
Nor why her faire *cheeks* ouer-washt with *rose*. T
A
O
B
S

But as the *earth* doth weepe the *Sun* being set,
Each *flower* moynted like a melting *eye* :
Euen so the *maid* with swelling *drops* gan wet
Her circled *eyne*, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those faire *Suns* set in her *mistres skie*, B
T
M
T
I

VWho in a salt-sau'd *Ocean* quench their *lights*,
Which makes the *maid* weepe like the dewy night. B
T
M
T
I

A prettie while these pretty *creatures* stand,
Like iuory *conduits* corall *cesternes* filling :
One iustly weepes, the other takes in *hand* ;
No cause, but company of her *drogs* spilling,
Their gentle *sex* to weepe are often willing,
Grievung themselues to gesse at other smarts, (harts)
And then they drown their *eyes*, or breake their B
T
M
T
I

For *men* have marble, *women* waxen *minds*,
And therfore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake opprest, h'impression of strange *kinds*,
Is form'd in them by *force*, by *fraud* or *skill*.
Then call them not the *Authors* of their *ill*,
No more than *waxe* shall be accounted *euill*,
VWherein is stamp't the semblance of a *diuell*. B
T
M
T
I

Their smoothnesse like a *champaine* plaine,
Layes open all the little *wormes* that creepe,
In *men* as a rough growne *groue* remaine
Cause-keeping *euils* that obscurely sleepe.
Through chrytlall *walles* ech little *mote* will peep:
Though *men* can couer *crimes* with bold stern *looks*,
Poore *womens* faces are their owne *faults* *bookes*. B
S
C
T
I

OF LVCRECE.

No *man* inueighs against the withered *flowre*,
But chides rough *winter* that the *flowre* hath kild,
Not that *deuour'd*, but that which doth *deuoure*
Is worthy blame ; & let it not be held
Poore *womens* faults, that they are so fulfild
VVith mens *abuset*, those proud *Lords* to blame,
Make *wake-made* *women* tenants to their shame.

The *president* whereof in *Lucreces* view,
Assail'd by *night* with *circumstances* strong
Of present *death* and *shame* that might ensue,
By that her death to doe her *husband* wrong :
Such danger to *refillance* did belong
The dying *fear* through all her *body* spread,
And who cannot abuse a *body* dead ?

By this milde patience bid faire *Lucreces* speake
To the poore *counyfereis* of her complaining:
My *girle*, quoth she, on what occasion breake
Those *teares* from thee, that down thy *cheekes* are rai-
If thou dost weep for *griefe* of my *suffauing*, (ning,
Know gentle *wench*, it small availes my moode,
If *teares* could helpe, mine own would do me good

But tell me *girle*, when went (and there she staid,
Till after a deepe *grave*) *Tarquin* from hence ?
Midam ere I was vp (repli'd the *maid*.)
The more to blame my *sluggard* *negligence* :
Yet with the *fault* I thus facre can dispence,
My selfe was stirring ere the *breake* of *day*,
And ere I rose was *Tarquin* gone away.

But *Lady*, if your *maid* may be so bold,
She would request to know your *beauyness*.
O *peice* (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse :
For more it is than I can well expresse,
And that deepe *torture* may be cald a *hell*,
VVhen more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Goe

THE RAPE

Go, gynn hither paper, ink, and pens,
Yet fane that labour for I haue them here,
(VVhere should I say?) one of my husbands men,
Bid thou be ready by and by to beare
A Letter to my Lord, my loue, my daire,
Bid him with speede prepare to carry it,
The cause craves haile, and it will soone be wrie.

Her maide is gone and she prepares to write,
First hosing ore the paper with her quill.
Conceit and griefe an eager combat fight,
VWhat *Wit* lets downe is blotted still with *Wills*,
This is too *curious* good, this *blunt* and ill.
Much like a pease of people at a dore,
Throng her intentions which shall goe before.

At last she thus begins : Thou worthy Lord
Of that vnworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person, next vouchsafe et afford
(If euer, Loue, thy *Lacres* thou wilt see)
Some present speede to come and visit me,
So I commend me from our house in griefe,
My woes are tedious, though my wrodes art briefe.

Here holds she vp the *tear* of her woe,
Her certaine *sorrow* writ vacertainly,
By this short schedule *Colarise* may know
Her griefe, but not her griefes true quality,
She dares not thereof make discouery,
Lest he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,
Ere shee with *bloud* had staid her stand excuse.

Besides, the life and *feeling* of her passion
She hoards to spend, when he is by to haire her,
VVhen *sighes* and *groans* and *teares* may grace the
Of her *disgrace*, the better so to deare her (fashion
From that *suppise* which the world might haire best
To shun this *blot* she would not blot the *letter*,
VVith words full *action* might become them better.

23

OF LVCRECE.

To see sad sights moves more than bears them told;
For then the eye insinuates to the *ear*:
The heavy *noise* that it doth behold
VVhen every part a part of *sighs* doth bear:
Tis but a part of *sorrow* that we heare.
Deep *sounds* make lesser noile than shallow *sighs*,
And *sorrow* els being blowne with wind of *wounds*.

Her *letter* now is sealed, and on it writ,
At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than halfe:
The *post* attends, and she deliuers it,
Charging the *post* *safe* *grauen* to hie as fast
As lagging soules before the *Northerne* blast.
Speed more than *hurdl*, but dull and slow the deuins,
Extremity shill virgeth such *extremes*.

The homely *villaine* carries to her love,
And blushing on her with a shewfull *eye*
Receives the *scroll* without *yea* or *no*,
And forth with bathfull *insinuate* doth fly:
But they *whole* *guilt* within their *bosome* lie,
Imagine every *eye* beholds their blame:
For *Laertes* thought he blusht to see her shape.

VVhen silly *Gratiano* (God wot) it was defect
Of *spirit*, *life*, and bold *audacity*,
Such hauncleless creatures haue a true respect
To talke in *deeds*, while other *faidly*,
Promise more speed, but doe it leasurely.
Even for this pessume of the *wroome* our age,
Pawed *honest* *dauers*, but layd no *wounds* to gage.

His kindled *airy* kindled her *misfull*,
That two red *fires* at both their *faces* blazed,
She thought he blusht as knowing *Tarquines* lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed,
Her earnest *eye* did make him more amazed:
The more the *lavy* the *blood* his *cheeks* replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some *blemish*.

But

THE R A P E

But long she thinks till he returne againe,
And yet the duteous *vassall* scarce is gone,
The weary *time* she cannot entertaine,
For now tis stale to *figh*, to *weepe*, und *grone*,
So *woe* hath wearied *woe*, *more* tyred *more*,
That she her *plaints* a little while doth stay,
Pawing for *meanes* to mourne some newer way.

At last she cals to minde where hangs a *peece*
Of skilfull *pauisning* made for *P-iam's Troy*,
Before the which is drawn the power of *Greece*,
For *Helens* rape the *city* to destry,
Threstrning cloud-killing *bliss* with annoy ;
Whiche the conceited *Painter* drew so proud,
As *beauen* (it seemd) to kisse the *turrets* bow'd.

A thousand lamentable *objets* there
In scorne of *Nature*, *Art* gaue *liueliffe* *life* :
Many a dire *drop* seemd a weeping *teare*,
Shed for the slaughtered *husband* by a *wife*.
The red *bloud* reek'd to shew the *painters* strife,
And dying *eies* gleem'd forth their ashy *lights*,
Like dying *coates* burnt out in tedious *nights*.

There might you see the labouring *pioner*
Begrind with *sweat*, and smeared all with *dust*,
And from the *towres* of *Troy* there would appeare
The very *eies* of *men* through *loope-holes* thrust ;
Gazing vpon the *Greekes* with little lust :
Such sweet *obseruance* in this *worke* was had,
That one might see those faire off *eies* looke sad.

In great *Commanders*, *Grace* and *Maiestie*
You might behold triumphing in their *faces*,
In youth *quick-beaing* and *dexterity*,
And here and there the *painter* interlaces
Pale *cowards* marching on with trembling *pacte*,
Which hartelesse *peasants* did so well resemble, (ble.
That one wold swear, he saw them quicke and trem-

OF LVCRECE.

In *Ajax* and *Vlysses*, O what *Art*
Or *physiognomy* might one behold !
The face of either cipher'd either's heart,
Their face, their *manners* most expelly told.
In *Ajax* eyes blant *rage* and *rigor* rol'd.
But the mild glance that the *Vlysses* lent,
Shew'd *despe* *regard* and *smiling* *gouernement*.

There pleading might you see graue *Nellos* stand,
As, twere encouraging the *Greekes* to fight,
Making such sober *action* with his *hand*,
That it beguylid *attention*, charmd the *fight*,
In *speech* it seemd his *beard*, all *siluer* *white*,
VVagd vp and downe, and from his *lips* did flie
Thinwinding *breath*, which purld vp to the *skie*.

About him were a *preast* of *gaping* *faces*,
Which seemd to swallow vp his *found* *aduise* :
All ioyntry *listning*, but with severall *graces*,
As if some *Mermaid* did their *earres* incise;
Some high, some low, the *painter* was so nice,
The *sculptures* of many almost hid behind,
To iump vp higher seemd to mocke the *miss*.

Here one mans *hand* leand on anothers *head*,
His *noſe* being shadowed by his *neighors* *ear*,
Here one being throngd beares back all boln & red,
Another smothered, seemes to pelt and fivere,
And in their *rage* such *signes* of *rage* they beare,
As but for losse of *Nellos* golden *words*,
It seem'd they would debate with angry *swords*.

For much *imaginary* *worke* was there :
Conceit deceitfull, so compact, so kinde,
That for *Achilles* image stood his *sheare*
Gripe in an armed *hand*, himselfe behunde
Was left viseen, line to the *eye* of *mind* :
A *hand*, a *foote*, a *face*, a *leg*, a *head*,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

D And

THE RAPE

And from the *wals* of strong besieged *Troy*,
When their brthre hope, bold *Hector*, march'd to *field*,
Stood many *Troian* mothers, weeping *isy*,
To see their youthfull soures bright *weapons* yield,
And to their *hope* they such pale *action* yield,
That through their *lyght* joy seem'd to *appeare*,
(Like bright things it n^ot) a kind of *heau* *fear*.

And from the *fielde* of *Dardes* where they fought,
To *Simons* *medy*, having the red *bloud* ran,
Whose *shoote* to imitate the *basil* fought,
With *swelling*, *ides*, and *thrust* *ranks* began,
To breake upon the galled *shoote* and them to drame,
Retoyng *bloud* till meeting greater *ranks* of *heau*,
They *joyne*, and shooe them some at *Simons* *her* *fielde*.

To this well painted *peace* is *Lucrece* coverid *swod*,
To finde a *face* where all *disgrace* is held and thid,
Many the *lees*, where *cares* haue *curst* *solida* *go*,
But none where all *disgrace* and *disastr* dweld,
Till the despairing *Hector* beheld her, and said *smid*,
Starting on *griues* *wounds* with her old *hand*,
Whch *bloud* *under* *Pyrrhus* *prud* *for* *her*.

In her the *painter* had anatomid *her* *limbs* and *meid*,
Times *ryme*, *beauties*, *maide*, *night*, *Caues* *raight*,
Her *cheeks* *wrake* and *spredd* *her* *breast* *disgrace*,
Of what she was, no *semblance* *remaine*,
Her *blew* *bloud* chang'd to *blacke* in every *vein*,
Wanting the *spring* that those *stunk* *pirp* had *lef*,
She w'd *life* *imprison* d in a *body* *dead*.

On this sad shadow *Lucrece* spends her *etere* *hour*,
And shapes her *sorrow* to the *feldame* *swod*,
Who nothing *wantes* to anver her but *criek*,
And bitter *words* to ban her *cruell* *soes*,
The *painter* w^o *God* to lend her those *pirp*,
And therefore *Lucrece* *lyvares* he did her *wed*,
To give her so much *griefe* and not a *tongue*.

—
Poore

OF LVCRECE.

Poore *infirmitate* (quoth she) without a sound,
Ile tune thy *wiles* with my lamenting tongue :
And drop sweet *balme* in *Priams* painteed *wound*,
And rail on *Pyrrhus* that hath done him wrong,
And with my *teares* quench *Troy* that burns so long:
And with my *kusps* scratch out the angry *eyes*
Of all the *Greeks* that are thine *enemeses*.

Shew me the *trumpe* that began this *fire*,
That with my *nailes* her *beauty* I may teare :
Thy *beat* of *lust* fond *Paris* did incurre
This *lude* of *wrath* that burning *Troy* doth bear :
Thy *eye* kindled the *fire* that burneth here.
And here in *Troy* for trespass of thine *eye*,
The *Sire*, the *Son*, the *Dame* and *Daughter* die.

VVhy should the *private* *pleasure* of some one
Become the *publicke* *plague* of many moe ?
Let *fame* alone committed, light alone
Vpon his *head* that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltlesse *soules* be freed from guilty *woe*.
For ones *offence* vwhy should so many fall ?
To plague a *private* *fame* in generall.

Loe here weepes *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies,
Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troylus* sounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody *channell* lies,
And friend to friend giues vnaduisid *wounds*,
And one mans *last* these many *lines* confounds.
Had doting *Priam* checkt his *sonnes* desire,
Troy had bin bright with *Fame*, and not with *fire*.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troyes* painted *woes*,
For *sorrow*, like a heavy hanging *bell*,
Once set on ringing, with his ovne *weight* goes,
Then little strength rings out the dolefull *knell* :
So *Lucrece* set avorke, and *sorrows* doth tell,
To pencilid *pensuencie*, and colour'd *sorrow*, (row.
She lends them *woes*, and she their *looks* doth bor-

THE RAPE

She throwes her eyes about the painted round,
And who she finds forlorne she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched *image* bound,
That pitous looks to *Pbrygian* shepheards lene,
His face though full of *cares*, yet shew'd *content*.
Onward to *Troy* with these blunt swaines he goeth,
So mild, that *patience* seemed to scorne his woes.

In him the *painter* labour'd with his *skill*
To hide *deceit* and give the harmeleſie show,
An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling still,
A brow vnbent, that seemed to welcome *woe*,
Cheeks, neyther red nor pale, but mingled so,
That blushing red, no guilty *instance* gave,
Nor ashy pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed *Devill*,
He entertain'd a show so seeming iust,
And therin so iſconſt this ſecret *evil*,
That *jealousie* it ſelfe could not miſt iust,
False creeping *craft* and *perury* ſhould thrust
Into ſo bright a *day*, ſuch blackfac'd *formes*,
Or blot with hel-borne ſun ſuch *Saint-like* formes.

The well-skild *workman* this mild *image* drew
For perjur'd *Simon*, whose enchanting *story*
The credulous old *Priam* after flew :
Whose words like *wild-fire* burn the ſhining glory
Of rich built *Ilion*, that the *skies* were ſorry,
And little *ſtarres* ſhot from their fixed places, (ers.
When their *gliffe* fel wherin they view'd their ſa-

This picture ſhe aduisedly perus'd,
And chid the *painter* for his wondrous *skill* :
Saying, ſome ſhape in *Simons* was abus'd,
So faire aso me lovd'd not a mind ſo ill,
And ſtill on him ſhe gaz'd and gazing ſtill,
Such ſigues of *truth* in his plaine face ſhe ſpied,
That ſhe concludes, the *picture* was belied.

OF LVC RECE.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much *guile*,
(She would haue said) can lurke in such a *Looke* :
But *Tarquin's* shape came in her minde the while,
And from her *tongue*, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, she in that sens forfooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But such a *face* should beare a wicked *minde*.

For even as subtil *Sissons* here is painted,
So sober sid, so wecry and so malde,
(As if with *griefe* or trauaile he had fainted.)
To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguile
With outward honesty, but yet deſil'd
VVith inward vice : as *Priam* him did cheriſh,
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did periſh.

Looke, looke how *lightning priam* wetts his *eyes*,
To see thosse borrowed *teares* that *Sissons* sheds :
priam why art thou *old*, and yet not *wife* ?
For evry *teare* he falleth, a *Troian* bleeds :
His *eyes* drop *fire*, no *water* thence proceeds
Those round cleer *pearls* of his that moue thy pity
Are *bals* of quenchleſſe *fire* to burne the *City*.

Such *Dives* steale effects from lightleſſe *hell*,
For *Sissons* in his *fire* doth quiske with *cold*,
And in that cold hot burning *fire* doth dwelle,
These *contraries* ſuch *vnity* do hold,
Onely to flatter *fooles* and make them bold :
So *priams* truft *false Sissons* teares doth flatter
That he finds meanes to burne his *Troy* with *water*.

Here all inrag'd ſuch *paffian* her affiſles,
That *patience* is quicke beaten from her *breast*,
She teares the ſenſelesſe *Sissons* with her *nailis*,
Comparing him to that *vnhappy gueſſe*,
VVhoſe *deed* hath made herſelfe herſelfe detest ;
Al laſt ſhe ſimilingly with this giues ore,
Fool, fool, quoth ſhe, his *wounds* will not be ſore.

THE RAPE

Thus *hrs* and *flowres* the current of her *sorrow*,
And *time* doth weary *time* with her complaining,
She looks for *night*, and then she longs for *morrow*,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining,
Short time seems long, in *sorrowes* sharpe sustaining;
Though *woe* be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch, see *time* how slow it creeps.

VVhich all time hath overflift her *thoughts*,
That she with painted *images* hath spent.
Being from the feeling of her owne *grief* brought
By deepe surmisse of others *detriment*,
Loosing her *woes* in *shewes* of *discontent* :
It eateth some though none is ever cured,
To thinkne their dolour others haue endured.

Vpon *Lu-*
crece send-
ing for
Colatine in
such *hast*,
he with
duers of
his allies
& friends
returnes
home.

But now the mindfull *Messenger* comes backe,
Brings home his *Lord* and other company,
VWho finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning blacke,
And round about her teare-distrained eye
Blew *circles* strewned, like *Rainbowes* in the skie.
These *watery galls* in her dim *Element*,
Foretell new *forrowes* to those already spent.

VVhich when her sad beholding *husband* saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
Her eyes though sod in *teares*, lookt red and raw,
Her lively colour kild with deadly *cares*,
He hath no power to aske her how she fares,
But stood like old *acquaintance* in a trance,
Met far from home, avyonding ecb otheris chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse *band*,
And thus begins : What vincouth ill *event*
Hath thee be fallen, that thou doft trembling stand?
weet loue, what spile hath thy faire colour spent?
VWhy art thou thus attir'd in *discontent*?
Vnm she deire deire this moody beawiness,
And tell thy grise, ha yc may gue redresse.

OF LVCRELL.

Three times with ~~febs~~ she givēs her ~~ffrow~~ fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of ~~me~~ :
At length address to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares, to let them know
Her *Honor* is tame prisoner by the *Foe*,
VVhile *Colatine* and his consoled *Lords*
VVith sad attention long to heare her words.

And now this pale ~~swan~~ in her ~~swtry~~ nest,
Begins the *Dige*-*Officer* certaine ending :
Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the ~~reppre~~ best,
VVherein no excuse can give the fault amending,
In me more ~~waies~~ than words are nowy depending,
And my *lamente* would be drawne out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired tongue.

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
Deare *husband*, in the interest of thy *bed*,
A *stranger* came ~~mid~~ on that *pillow* lay,
VVhere thou wost wont to rest thy weary *heat*,
And that wrong else may be imfigned,
By foule *inforcement* might bedone to me,
From that (laa) thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadfull *dead* of darke mid-night,
VVith shining *Fauchion* in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cryed, awike thou *Romane Dame* ;
And entame my *houes* selfe lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will infest,
If thou my *houes* desire doe contradict.

For some hard sinnes I'd *prooue* of thine, quoth he
Vnlesse thou yoke thy *lifing* to my *will*,
Ile murther straighe, and then Ile sllaughter thee,
And swewe I found you where you did fulfull
The loathsome *act* of *Leaff*, and so did kill
The *Lechers* in their *deed*, this *act* will be
My *fame*, and thy *perpetuall infamy*.

THE RAPE

With this I did begu to start and cry,
And then agaist my heart he sets his *sword*,
Swearing, vnicesse I tooke all patiently,
I shold not to speake another word.
So shold my *shame* still rest vpon *record*,
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*
Th' adulterate death of *Lucrece* and her *groome*.

Mine enemy was strong, any poore selfe *weake*,
(And farrre the weaker with so strong a feare)
My bloody *Judge* forbad my *tongue* to speake,
No rightfull *plea* might plead for *Justice* there.
His *scarleau* came *evidence* to *sweare*,
That my poore *beauty* had purloun'd his *eyes* ;
And when the *Judge* is rob'd, the *prisoner* dies.

O teach me how to make mine *owne excuse*,
O: (at the least) this refuge let me finde.
Though my gross: *bloud* be staind with this *abuse*,
Immaculue, and speckleſſe is my *misde*,
That was not forſt, that never was inclin'd
To accessary *yeelding*, but ſtill pure
Doth in her *posion* .. *cloſet* yet undure.

Loe here the hopeleſſe *Merchant* of his loſſe,
With head inclin'd, and voice dum'd vp with *woe*,
With ſad ſet *eyes* and wretched armes acroſſe.
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow
The griefe away, that stops his anſwere ſo.
But wretched as he is, he ſtrivs in vaine,
What he breathes out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an *Arch*, the violent roaring *Tide*,
Out-runs the *eye* that doth behold his haſte :
Yet in the *Edge* boundeth in his pride,
Booke to the *ſtrait* that forſt him on ſo fast :
In *rage* ſen ou, recold in *rage* being paſt :
Even ſo i i. ſighs, his ſorrowes make a ſaw,
To puth griefe on and back the ſame griefe draw.
VVhich

OF LVCRECE.

VVhich speechlesse ~~wot~~ of his, poore she attendeth,
And his vnemely ~~feare~~ jethus awaketh,
Dear *Lord*, thy sorrow to my *sorrow* lendeth
Another *power*, no *floud* by raining slaketh,
My *woe* too sensible thy *passion* maketh,
More feeling painfull, let it then suffice
To drowne one ~~wot~~, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
For the that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me,
Be suddenly revenged on my *fee*,
Thine, *mine*, his *owne*, suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the *bespe* that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the *Traytor* die:
For sparing *Justice* feeds *iniquity*.

But ere I name him, you faire *Lords*, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came to *Colatine*)
Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me,
VVith swift purfuit to venge this *wrong* of mine,
For tis a meritorious faire *designe*,
To chale *Injustice* with revengfull *armes*, (harmes
Knights by their oaths should right poore *Ladies*

At this *requie*, with noble disposition,
Each present *Lord* began to promise aid,
As bound in *knight hood* to her imposition,
Longing to heare the hatefull *fee* bewraied.
But the that yet her sad *taske* hath not said,
The *protestation* stops. O speake, quoth she,
How may this forced *flaine* be wipt from me?

VVhat is the *qualtie* of mine *offence*,
Being constrain'd with dreadfull *circumstances*
My my pure *mind* with the foule *act* dispence,
My low declined *honour* to aduanee?
Miy any *termes* acquit me from this *chance*?
The poysoned *fountaine* cleares it selfe againe,
And why not I from this compelled *flaine*?

Vpon the
relation
of *Lucrece*
her rape,
Colatine
and the
rest *free*as
to revenge
but this
seems not
full satis-
faction to
her ladies.

VVith

THE RAPE

She kil-
leth her
selfe to ex-
aspeare
them the
more to
punishe
delin-
quent.

VVith this they all at once began to say,
Her bodies *statue*, the *minde* vnaunted cleares,
VVhile wth a soylessie *smile* she turnes awy
The *face*, her *map* which deepe impression beares
On hard *miffortune* caru'd it in with *teares*.
No no, quoth she, no *Name* hereafter liuing,
By my *excuse* shall claime excuses giuing.

Here wth a *fig*, as if her *heart* would breake,
She throwes forth *Tarquins* name, he, he, she saies :
But more than he, her poore tongue could not speak,
Till after many *accents* and *detaines*,
Vainely breathing, sicke and short assaies,
She vtters this, he, he, faire *Lord*, tis he
That guides this *hand* to giue this *wand* to me.

Euen here sleach'd in her harmelesse *breast*
A harmfull *knife*, that thence her *soule* vnsheathed,
That *blow* did bayle it from the deepe vniert
Of that polluted *prison* where it beathed,
Her contrite *sighs* vnto the *clouds* bequeathed,
Her winged *spights*, and through her *wounds* doth
Lifes lasting date from cancell'd *destiny*. (the

Stone-still, altonight with this deadly *deed*,
Stood *Colatine* and all his *Lordly crew*.
Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her bleed,
Himselfe, on her selfe-llaughtered *body* threw,
And from the purple fountaine *Brutus* drew,
The murderous *knife*, and as it left the *place*,
Her *blond* in poore reuenge, held it in chase.

And bubbling from her *breast*, it doth'dnside
L. two *flowy* *swers*, that the crimson *bloud*
Circles her *body* in on every *side*.
VVho like a late fackt *stand* vastly stood
Bare and vapeopled in this fearefull *blood*.
Some of her *bloud*, still pure and red reman'd
And some looks *black* and that false *Tarquin* stain'd.

Above

OF LVCRECE.

About the mourning and congealed *face*,
Of that blacke *blood*, a watry *rigall* goes,
VVhich seemes to weepe vpon the tainted *place* ;
And euer since a pitying *Lucrece* woes,
Corrupted *blood* some watry *tokens* shovres,
And *blood* vntainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so purpise.

Daughter, deare daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,
If in the *childe* the *father's* image lies,
VVhere shall I live now *Lucrece* is vnlived ?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriuied.
If *childress* predeceas *Progenitours*,
VVe are their *off-spring* and they none of ours.

Poore broken *glasse*, I often did behold
In thy sweete semblance, my old *age* new borne,
But now that faire fresh *mirrour* dim and old,
Shewes me a barebon'd *death* by *time* ouer-worn,
Of from my cheeks my *image* thou hast toorne,
And shuer'd all the beauty from my *glasse*,
That I no more can see what once *I was*.

O *time* cease thou thy *course* and hirst no longer,
If thou surcease to be that should suruive :
Shall rotten *death* make conquest of the stronger,
And leue the foultring feeble *soules* aliue ?
The old *Bees* die, the yong posseſſe their *hue*,
Then liue sweet *Lucrece*, liue againe and see
Thy *father* die, and not thy *father* thee.

By this starts *Colatine* as from a *dreame*,
And bids *Lucretius* give his *sorrow* place,
And then in Key-cold *Lucrece* bleeding stremme
He falle, and bathes the pale feare in his *face*,
And counterfeits to die with her a space.
Till manly *shame* bids him posſeſſe his *breath*
And liue to be revenged on her *death*.

The

THE RAPE

The deepe vexation of his inward *soul*,
Hath sen'd a dumb arrest vpon his *tongue*,
VVho made that *sorrow* should his use controle,
Or keepe him from heart-easing *words* so long,
Begins to talke, but through his *lips* do throng (aid,
Weak *words*, so thicke come in his poore *hearts*
That no man could distinguishe what he said.

Yet sometime *Terquin* was pronounced plaine,
But through his *teeth* as it his *name* he tore,
This windie tempest till it blow vp raine,
Held back his *sorrowes* tide to make it more.
At last it *raines*, and busie *winds* glue ore :
Then *sonne* and *father* weep with equall strife,
VVho should weep most for *daughter* or for *wife*.

The one doth call her *his*, the other *his*,
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay,
The *father* lases she's *mine* ; O mine she is,
Replies her *husband* ; doe not take away
My *sorrowes* interest, let no mourner say
He weepes for her, for she was only *mine*,
And only must be wrold by *Colatine*.

O, quoth *Lucretius*, I did give that life
VVhich she too early and too late hath spild.
VVoe, woe, quoth *Colatine*, she was my *wife*,
I owed her, and tis mine that she hath kild.
My *daughter* and my *wife* with clamors fill
The disperfet *aire*, who holding *Lucrece* life,
Answered their *eresy* my *daughter* and my *wife*.

Brutus who pluckt the *knift* from *Lucrece* side,
Seeing such emulation in their *woe*,
Began to cloath his wit in *state* and *pride*,
Burying in *Lucrece* wound his follies shew :
He with the *Romanes* was esteemed so,
As lechly *leering* ideots are with *kings*.
For *fortune* *words*, and *uttering* foolish things.

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OF LVCRECE.

But now he throwes that shallow habir by,
Wherin the polisy did him disguise.
And arm'd his long hid witt aduisedly
To check the teares in *Colatines* eyes.
Thou wronged *Lord of Rome*, quoth he, arise,
Let my vnfounded selfe suppos'd a foole
Now set thy long experient witt to schoole,

VVhy *Colatine*, is woe the cure for woe;
Doe wounds helpe wounds or greefe helpe grieuous
Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow (deeds?)
For his soule *Act*, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?
Such chidish humor from weake minds procceds:
Thy wretched wif mistooke the matter so,
To slay her selfe, that should haue slaine her Fae.

*Couragious *Romane* doe not sleepe thy heart
In such lamenting dew of lamentations,
But kneele wth me and helpe to beare thy part,
To rouse our *Roman Gods* wth invocations,
That they will suffer these abominationes,
(Since *Rome* her self in them doth stand disgraced
By oure strong arms from forth her faire streets cha-
(sed.)

Now by the *Capitoll* that we adore,
And by this chal bloud so vniustly stained,
By beauens faire sun that breeds the fat earths flowre,
By all our country rites in *Rome* maintained,
And by chal *Lucreces* soule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloody knifte,
VVe will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he strooke his hand vpon his brefft,
And kist the fatall knifte to the end his vort:
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
VVho wondering at him did his words allow:
Then ioyntly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deepe vow which *Brusus* made before,
He doth againe repeat, and that they shote.

VVhen

OF LVCRECE.

VVhen they had sworne to his aduised *doome*;
They did conclude to beare dead *Lucrece* thence,
To shew the bleeding body throughout *Rome*.
And so to publish *Tarquins* foule offence;
VVhich being done, with speedy diligence,
The *Romanes* plausibly did giue consent,
To *Tarquins* everlasting *banishment*.

FINIS.



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